Nor arme nor face, O be ſome other name
Belonging to a man.
VVhat's in a name that which we call a roſe,
By any other word would ſmell as ſweete,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
VVithout that title. *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelfe.

Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Hence forth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iuli. VVhat man art thou, that thus beſcreend in night
So ſtumbleſt on my counſell?

Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare ſaint, is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Rom. Neither faire maide, if either thee diſlike.

Iu. How cameſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.

Ro. VVith loues light wings did I oreperch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.

Iu. If they do ſee thee, they will murther thee.

Ro. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their ſwords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmity.

Iu. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.

Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
And but thou loue me, let them find me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.

Iuli. By whoſe direction foundſt thou out this place?

Ro. By loue that firſt did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counſell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore waſhet with the fartheſt ſea,
I ſhould aduenture for ſuch marchandiſe

Iuli. Thou knoweſt the maske of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue ſpoke, but farewell complement.
Doeſt thou loue me? I know thou wilt ſay I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou ſwearſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe, at louers periuries
They ſay *Ioue* laughs, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but elſe not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maieſt thinke my behauiour light,
But truſt me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
Then thoſe that haue coying to be ſtrange,
I ſhould haue beene more ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouer heardſt ere I was ware
My true loue paſsion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed Moone I vow,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe fruite tree tops.

Iu. O ſweare not by the Moone th'inconſtant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled orbe,